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A HOME FANCY.

Loved well, when pausing in the twilight meadow
Thou first vouchsafed thy plighted troth to me
All heaven then trembling in the sunlit shadow
Eve showered around us from the trysting tree.

Loved more, when joybells chimed our nuptial hour
While bridal maidens grouped thy form beside
And on thy raven hair sweet orange flowers
Marked my betrothed fair—my blooming bride!

Loved most, when nestled by our home hearth's shrine,
Our first wee prattler clinging to my knee,
I saw, through thy dear eyes, thy soul divine
The Lover, Husband, Father, blent in thee.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

NELL GWYNN.

The following extracts are selected from advance sheets of Mr. Frank B. Goodrich's new volume, "Women of Beauty and Heroism," to be issued in a few days by Messrs. Derby & Jackson:

The horoscope of Nell Gwynn's nativity, still preserved in the Museum at Oxford, states that she was born in London on the 2d of February, 1650. Her father, as was proved a century afterwards, was Captain Thomas Gwynn, of the army, the descendant of an ancient family in Wales. A cellar in the Coal Yard in Drury Lane was undoubtedly the spot in which she first saw the light—though probably there was little enough to see. Her associations must have been of the most degrading kind; for the Coal Yard, then an obscure and infamous resort, afterwards became notorious as one of the residences of Jonathan Wild. Her first occupation, when perhaps ten years old, was that of bar-tender, "to fill strong water to the gentlemen," as she herself expressed it; and her second was to sell oranges at Drury Lane Theatre, standing, with her fellow fruit-venders, in the front row of the pit, with her back to the stage. The familiar cry, "Oranges, will you have any oranges?" must have come clear and invitingly from the lips of Nell Gwynn. The theatres had been closed for twenty-three years, during the wars of the Protectorate and the exile of the sovereign. They reöpened with the restoration of Charles II. in 1660, with a splendor altogether unusual in those days, and to an eager and enthusiastic public. The old craved for an amusement they had long been denied, while the young were feverishly interested in the revival of an entertainment they had heard so praised. Two new theatres were built, the King's, or Drury Lane, erected on the site of the present edifice, and the Duke's, in Portugal Row.

Two features added new zest to the fervor of the theatrical revival; Charles II. was the first English monarch who visited the play-house and witnessed a performance there, his predecessors having invariably summoned the players to the halls or cockpits attached to their palaces; and during his reign, women's parts were, for the first time in the history of the British stage, enacted by women. The stage was lighted with wax candles; the pit was uncovered, for the sake of light, as the performances commenced at three in the afternoon, so that, in case of rain, that part of the audience arose in disorder and went home. The dresses were magnificent; for the king, the queen, and the duke gave their coronation-suits to the actors, and the gentry contributed their court and birthday equipments which had been worn but once. Local scenery was also now for the first time introduced.

Drury Lane opened on the afternoon of the 8th of April, 1663, M's Eleanor being a girl of thirteen. In her capacity of orange-girl, she owed deference and obedience to a superior known as Orange Moll. It was thought beneath the character of a gentleman to chaffer with the fruitwoman over the price of their goods, but it was deemed eminently becoming to bandy words with them and to exchange equivocal jests.

The first mention of Nell Gwynn in English literature occurs in Pepys' Diary for Monday, the 3d of April, 1665. Pepys was at the Duke's Theatre, and mentions the fact that he sat next to "pretty witty Nell of the King's House," as the only redeeming feature of the entertainment. Nelly had now become an actress herself, though by what means or through whose influence we are not informed, even by the omnipresent Pepys. We know little or nothing of her during the plague and the great fire of London of the year 1666; but she again appears in the diary, on the 8th of December, 1667, in the character of Lady Wealthy, in "The English Monsieur," a comedy written for Nelly by the Hon. James Howard. Pepys thus commends the play and the players: "To the King's House, and there did see a good part of the English Monsieur, which is a mighty pretty play, very witty and pleasant. And the women do very well; but above all, little Nelly; that I am mightily pleased with the play, and much with the house, the women doing better than I expected; and very fair women." His next reference to her, somewhat later, runs thus: "Mrs. Kneps brought to us Nelly, a most pretty woman, who acted the great part of Celia to-day very fine, and did it pretty well. I kissed her, and so did my wife, and a mighty pretty soul she is." He concludes the day's chronicle with an approving summary of all he had done during the twenty-four hours, "specially the kissing of Nell."

Dryden now claimed the services of the young actress in his new tragi-comedy of "Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen," the plot of which had been suggested to the poet by the king. It was performed on the afternoon of the 2d of February, 1668. Mr. Pepys was of course present, and thus records his opinion: "The truth is, there is a comical part done by Nell, which is Florimel, that I never can hope ever to see the like done again by man or woman." Her part, though arduous, must have been an unusually attractive one, for we are told that she was constantly on the stage; that her dialogue was loose, merry, and rattling; that she went mad in one act, appeared in male attire in another, and danced a jig in the fifth. She also spoke the epilogue in behalf of the trembling author. Pepys speaks admiringly of her demeanor when disguised as a young gallant, and adds, "She hath the motion and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have."

One of Nelly's earliest lovers was Lord Buckhurst, and her defenders claim, that whatever opinion the public may entertain of the morality of London in the reign of Charles II., it at least argues something for the taste of the humble orange-girl, that her lover was considered and looked up to as the best bred man of his age; that he had distinguished himself in the war against the Dutch; he had written the best song of its kind, and bitter yet elegant satires; he was a patron of every species of merit; while his table was one of the last to exhibit the traditional hospitality of the English nobleman. He seems to have loved Nelly sincerely, and in a sonnet to her beauty declared that

"All hearts fall a-leaping wherever she comes,
And beat night and day like my Lord Craven's drums."

The two lovers kept a merry house at Epsom during the midsummer months of 1668. Nelly returned to the stage in August, resumed some of her former parts, and created the character of Mirida in "All Mistaken," in which, being importuned by a fat lover and a lean one, she tells the fat one she will marry him when he is leaner, and the lean one when he is fatter. In 1669 occurred the great change in Nelly's condition—"one that removed her from many temptations, and led to the exhibition of traits of character and good feeling which more than account for the fascination connected with her name"—she became the mistress of the king. Buckhurst resigned her in consideration of an [illegible] earldom, and an ambassadorship to France. Nelly continued to perform all her theatrical engagements, dividing her time between Whitehall and Drury Lane, until the spring of 1670, when Dryden's new tragedy of "The Conquest of Granada" was postponed on account of her absence. After giving birth, on the 8th of May, to the future Duke of St. Albans, the first of the name, she resumed her study of the character of Almahide, the last she was destined to play. Charles became more fond of her than ever, fascinated by her charming performance of this character—an effect thus commemorated by Granville:

"Granada lost, behold her pomps restor'd;
And Almahide again by kings ador'd."

Nell Gwynn is described to have been in person considerably below the middle size, but formed with perfect elegance; the contour of her face was round, her features were delicate, her eyes bright and intelligent, and often positively closed by the merry laugh which pervaded her face; her cheek was usually dimpled with smiles and her countenance radiant with hilarity, but when at rest it was soft and even pensive in its expression; her voice was sweet and well modulated; her hair glossy, abundant, and of a light auburn; her hands were singularly small and beautiful, and her pretty feet so very diminutive as to afford occasion for mirth as well as admiration.

The inconstant Charles, during the very height of his fancy for Nelly, became also violently enamored of one of the maids of honor to the Duchess of Orleans, M'lle Louise Renée de Penencourt de Quéronaille, a young lady of nineteen years. She returned the monarch's passion, and was created Duchess of Portsmouth. Nelly did not consider this infidelity on the part of his majesty as any excuse for unfaithfulness on her own, and took the rivalry of Madame Carwell—as her French name was commonly pronounced—in thorough good part. Charles, at this period, lodged Nelly in a house on the South side of Pall Mall, with a garden towards St. James's Park, and sent her a lease for a term of years. She, considering the gift in its present shape unworthy the King of England, returned him the papers with a merry jest at his expense. Charles admitted the justness of the reproof by conveying the house free to Nell and her representatives forever. "The truth of this story," says Cunningham, "is confirmed by the fact that the house which occupies the site of the one in which Nelly lived, now No. 79, and tenanted by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, is the only freehold on the South or park side of Pall Mall."

The favorite expletive of Charles II. was "Odd's fish!" and Nelly used to divert him exceedingly by making free with this expression at unexpected moments. She gave a concert one night to the king, the duke his brother, and some half dozen of their intimate associates. The principal singer, Bowman, sang several of those extravagantly loyal songs which retain their popularity even to this day, and upon the conclusion of the entertainment, the king expressed himself delighted. "Then, sir," said Nelly, "to show you do not speak like a courtier, I hope you will make the performers a handsome present." The king felt in his pockets, and said he had no money; he asked the duke to lend him some. The duke made a search, and declared that he had none either. Nell turned to the other guest, and assuming the king's air and accent, exclaimed, "Odd's fish, what company have I got into!"

The following expedient was resorted to by Nell, to induce the king to pay some attention to the affairs of the nation. One of the lords of the council, whom Charles would not permit to speak to him of business, complained to Nell of his provoking negligence. Nell laid him a wager of a hundred pounds that she would hit upon a scheme that would bring the merriest prince alive to the council that very night. She sent for Killigrew, the manager of Drury Lane, and desired him to dress himself as if he were going on a journey, and to burst unceremoniously into the king's apartment. She then told him what to say in reply to his certain "odd's fish," or perhaps more violent explosion. He did as he was bid, and was received with a "What, Killigrew! are you mad? Did I not order that nobody should disturb me?" "Oh, I don't mind your orders—no, not I," returned Killigrew; "and I'm going as fast as I can!" "Why, where are you going to?" asked his majesty. "To hell!" replied the comedian, "to fetch up Oliver Cromwell from thence, to take some care of the national concerns; for I am sure your majesty takes none." Charles went that night to the council, and Nelly won her wager.

Nell Gwynn gave birth to a second son on the 25th of December, 1671; he was named James, out of compliment to the Duke of York, and, like his elder brother, acknowledged by the king. Soon afterwards, Charles was seized with a mania for creating titles and distributing orders and offices. Nelly saw peerages and earldoms showered right and left upon persons whom she thought less deserving of such distinctions than the king's own flesh and blood. So she appealed to the source of all her favor, her wit, and resolved to make an effort, in her own quaint way, in behalf of her eldest boy. So, while he was one day romping with his father, she said, abruptly, "Come hither, you little bastard!" The king, very much shocked, scolded Nell roundly; she replied, with an air of demure submission, "I'm very sorry; but I've no better name to call him by, poor boy!" The king laughed, felt the implied reproach, and admitted the plea. Charles Beauclerc, his eldest son by Nell Gwynn, was soon created [illegible] Earl of Burford, and, later, Duke of St. Albans, Registrar of the High Court of Chancery, and Grand Falconer of England. He was betrothed by the king to Lady Diana de Vere, the daughter of the twentieth and last Earl of Oxford, and, in point of rank, the first heiress of the three kingdoms. "Though the lively orange-girl," says Cunningham, "was not spared to witness the marriage, yet she lived to see the future wife of her son in the infancy of those charms which made her one of the most conspicuous of the Kneller Beauties, still so attractive in the collection at Hampton Court."

The idea of establishing a hospital at Chelsea for the veterans of the war, is believed to have originated with Nell Gwynn. The corner-stone was laid by the king in the Spring of 1682, and the student of the history of his reign will not readily believe that he would have urged the building forward with the zeal he did, unmoved by some influence from without. The tradition is, that Nell was one day riding in the city in her coach, when an invalid soldier stopped at the open door of her carriage and solicited charity. He had been in service in the civil war, he said, and had lost a limb while fighting for the royal cause. He was now friendless and totally destitute. Nell Gwynn hastened to the king and laid the case before him. The interest thus awakened in behalf of one sufferer soon led to the reflection that there must be many others, disabled at Worcester and Marston Moor; and that the veterans who still lingered in the ranks of the standing army which the wars of the restoration had produced, must soon give way to younger and more active substitutes. What would become of them, thus deprived in advanced years of their only means of livelihood? They would be dependent upon public charity and the casual bounty of the sympathetic. These reflections induced in Nell's mind the idea of an asylum for the crippled remnants of the war—an idea in which she enthusiastically persevered, never letting her royal lover rest till her benevolent purpose was accomplished.

There are several facts which strongly support this popular tradition. Nelly was a soldier's daughter, and her early sufferings and privations had been those incident to a soldier's life. The benevolence of her character was well known, and her quick sensibilities would have been naturally enlisted in behalf of such patriotic sufferers as her war-worn protégés. She is still the idol of the pensioners, and with them the memory of Nell is sacred. But the circumstance most corroborative of the tradition is the fact that her portrait serves to this day as the sign of an old ale-house contiguous to the hospital. Sixty years ago, an inscription beneath the portrait, now illegible, chronicled in positive terms the part Nell had played in founding and endowing the hospital. The Rev. Daniel Lysons, in his Environs of London, published in 1796, speaking in the present tense, says: "Underneath the portrait is an inscription [illegible] tion to her doctor." [illegible] part of the background in Wilkie's famous picture of the Chelsea Pensioners. Long may she [illegible], exclaims Cunningham, with her [illegible], in the row or street thus commemorated forever!

Charles II. was now approaching his end. Having prolonged a revel through Sunday night till Monday morning, he swooned away and lay for several hours in apoplexy, all hope being abandoned by his physicians. He revived, but expired on the following Friday, the 6th of February, 1685. Though not absolutely his dying wish, yet his last recommendation to his brother and successor, James II., was in these pathetic and memorable words: "Let not poor Nelly starve." Of this request, Charles James Fox says, in his History of James II., "that it is much to his honor; and that they who censure it seem, in their zeal to show themselves strict moralists, to have suffered their notions of vice and virtue to have fallen into strange confusion." Mrs. Jameson remarks of the dying speech, that it is one among the few traits which redeem the sensual and worthless Charles from utter contempt.

Nell was to have been made Countess of Greenwich had the king lived, if we may credit the following passage in a manuscript folio entitled "The Royall Cedar:" "Hellenor or Nelgwine, daughter to Thomas Guine, should bein advanced to be Countess of Greeniez, but hindered by the king's death." She went into mourning and sincerely lamented the loss of him whom so few others regretted; hers was no fictitious sorrow for the death of the Cham of Tartary, as all official assumption of black was then termed. The king's straitened circumstances had before compelled her "to boil a portion of her plate;" and now, if not arrested for debt, she was outlawed for the non-payment of several long-standing bills. During her outlawry, Otway, the poet and dramatist, and tutor to her son, died miserably of starvation; this afflicted her more than her own destitution. King James, however, remembered his brother's dying request, and in the midst of his own pressing needs, caused the sum of £730 to be paid to one Richard Graham, "to be by him paid over to the several tradesmen, creditors of Mrs. Ellen Gwynn, in satisfaction of their debts, for which the said Ellen stood outlawed." In the same year, he made her also two separate presents of £500; and caused Beeswood Park, near Sherwood Forest of merry memory, and a demesne of the crown, to be settled upon her for life, and after her death, upon the Duke of St. Albans. He afterwards made her an allowance of £1,500 a year. These acts of kindness towards Nelly gave rise to the rumor that she went to mass and was converted to Popery, as [illegible] the Romish worship in the kingdom. The rumor was groundless; Nelly always remained a Protestant.

Eleanor Gwynn survived her lover little more than two years. She conducted herself with the strictest decorum, spending much of her time in devotion and a portion of her narrow means in benificence. Her health began to decline, and Dr. Lower, the first doctor in London, who had long visited her as a gossip, now attended her as a physician. She sank rapidly, and Lower bethought him of the propriety of sending for a clergyman. A satire which had been lately published, represented her as pining upon her death-bed, and as saying,

"Send for Dr. Burnet, or I die."

But Bishop Burnet considered her "the wildest and indiscreetest creature that ever was in a court," and Lower thought best to apply to a less intolerant divine. Dr. Tenison, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was then vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and Nell's residence in Pall Mall was within the limits of his parish. He was known to be a liberal and courageous minister in those difficult days of the Church. Lower asked his attendance, and brought him to the dying woman's bedside.

On the 9th of July she made her will, revoking all former bequests. There is nothing peculiar in this instrument, beyond the artlessness with which she styles herself a spinster, and recommends herself "whence she came, in hopes of a joyful resurrection," giving and devising all her property whatsoever "to her dear natural son, his grace the Duke of St. Albans, and the heirs of his body." But the requests contained in a codicil added three months later, are worthy of more specific mention. In this she begged that she might be buried in the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; that Dr. Tenison would preach her funeral sermon; that her son the Duke would give £100 to Dr. Tenison for taking poor debtors out of prison during the coming Winter; that, to show her charity to those who differed from her in religion, £50 might be applied to the use of the poor of the Romish faith of the Parish of St. James; that her present servants might have mourning and a year's wages beyond the wages due; and that his grace would be pleased to lay out £20 yearly for the release of poor debtors on Christmas day. She also said, though no such provision occurs in the will, to have left a considerable annual sum to [illegible] St. Martin's church, on condition that on every Thursday evening in the year, there should be six men employed, for the space of one hour, in ringing, for which they were to have a roasted shoulder of mutton and ten shillings for beer. Another authority adds that the ringers of St. Martin's enjoy this donation to this day.

One month after signing these her last bequests, Nell Gwynn died, in November, 1687, [illegible] her last hours and indeed the last years of her life having been spent in sincere repentance and [illegible] in all the contrite symptoms of a Christian [illegible]." She was buried on the night of the [illegible], in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and Dr. Tenison [illegible], preached her funeral sermon, urging her benevolence, her penitence, and her meritorious death as examples to all who heard him. Though the funeral was not an ostentatious one, the expenses amounted to £375, and were exactly met by the next quarter's allowance, which, by the way, King James ordered to be continued to her son. The Duke of St. Albans accepted the pecuniary responsibility placed upon him in the codicil to his mother's will, and signed an acknowledgment to that effect.

Dr. Tenison did not escape censure and persecution for his bold and charitable act. He was compelled to denounce as a forgery a sermon published and cried about the streets as the one that he had preached over the coffin of Nell Gwynn. His application for the vacant see of Lincoln, in 1691, was opposed by the young Queen Mary's advisers, on the ground that "he had preached a notable funeral sermon in praise of Ellen Gwynn." But the queen replied, "What then? I have heard as much, and this is a sign that the poor unfortunate woman died penitent; for, if I have read a man's heart through his looks, had she not made a truly pious end, the doctor never could have been induced to speak well of her." This excellent vicar was appointed to the see, and, as we have said, lived to fill with honor and renown the Archbishropric of Canterbury.

A NEW PORTRAIT OF PARIS:
PAINTED FROM LIFE.

"Paint me as I am".—CROMWELL.

"Now being from Paris recently,
This fine young man would show his skill."
HOLMES.

BY HENRY CLAPP, JR.

CHAPTER VII.
CONCLUDED.

Books now introduced me formally to the landlady, Madame Foucher, who was, of course, delighted to have the honor of my acquaintance, *etc., etc.*, as in such cases made and provided. After a word or two of consultation with the *anglais*, who informed her that I was an American; that I had come, I forget how many thousand miles, to see her great and beautiful country; and that I had often heard of her famous and excellent hotel as one of the lions of the capital; (here the Madame made a profound courtesy, which tickled Books like a receipt-in-full)—Dark-eyes was ordered to produce the register of the house, in which I was requested to record my name, age, profession, country, the last place I was from, etc., "in accordance," said the polite hostess, apologetically, "with the instructions of the Government, who will transfer the record to the books of the police."

Books made the entry for me, and when he came to the "profession," wrote the word *rentier*, which he afterward told me meant capitalist, or gentleman living on the interest of his money. Before closing the register, the landlady asked Books to tell her what the meaning of the word *loafer* was; saying that another American in the house, Col. Somebody, from Virginia, had written that against his name. Books had to refer to me. I told him that Col. Somebody was evidently as much of a wag as a colonel, and that loafer meant idler, or vagrant, or vagabond, according to circumstances. Remarking that there was many a true word written in jest, Books gave the old lady a liberal interpretation of my reply, by saying that a loafer was a very fine gentleman. My passport was now deposited with Dark-eyes, and Books being evidently a pet with that young lady, (for he had found it good policy to fee all the eyes in the house,) she began to look upon me with favor, and to "hope I should find a room to suit." Madame Foucher hurried over to her bureau, to get a fresh supply of keys, saying that she would meet us at No. 53 *bis*, which she had no doubt Monsieur the American would find very genteel.

The ascent to the chambers of the hotel was by three separate staircases, viz: one on each side of the courtyard, leading to the North, South, and West sections of the house, and the third, at the back of the yard, appropriated exclusively to the East section, which being comparatively retired, was occupied chiefly by families, and was called by the students the "Quarter of the Respectables." We ascended the South staircase, while the Madame was to rejoin us by the North. Going up the first flight we met a servant who appeared to be skating his way down on one leg; but on close observation I found that he had a brush fastened to his shoe instead of a skate, and that he was sliding along the wooden stairs lengthwise, and sidling his way down for the purpose of polishing them. On the first landing we saw a thick oaken stick, about three feet long, looking like a handspike, and having a wide slit in one end which was furnished with a large piece of yellow beeswax. It appeared that this instrument was used first, and then followed up with the brush which served to "put on the shine."

No. 53 *bis* was on the seventh story. Madame Foucher, who notwithstanding her bulk, was a woman of considerable activity, had arrived there before us, and was just unlocking the door. I engaged the room immediately. The price was about four dollars a month without meals, or eighteen dollars with breakfast and dinner. Preferring to graze at large, I agreed to pay the four. I then offered to settle for the first month in advance, (much to the astonishment of Books,) but the proposition was promptly declined as being contrary to the rule of the house, which was to pay regularly at the end of each thirty days. I fancied that the just-slight-enough-not-to-be-impolite emphasis placed on the word "regularly," made my companion wince a little. The terms thus agreed upon, I was left in full possession of the room, with instructions always to leave the key with the *Concierge*, and the suggestion that if I had any valuables with me, (I had none save my umbrella,) to deposit them at the bureau of the hotel for safe keeping.

"I have deposited mine," said Books, as the landlady rustled down stairs, "with my aunt."

"Then you have relatives in Paris?"

"No—not so much as a relative pronoun; but you'll be a lucky fellow if you don't find out who my 'aunt' is before you leave town."

"I see; she's probably a relative of your 'uncle' in London—a blood-relative, I should say—sign of the ∴."

"Just so, and a dear good woman she is."

I now proceeded to survey my new quarters. The room was about twenty feet square, and eight in height. The floor was composed of octangular red tiles, relieved here and there by strips of carpet. The paper hangings represented an original species of a bluebird fluttering through a pale yellow sky towards the ceiling. There was a folding window opening inward and looking into the courtyard. It was closed by a perpendicular bolt running the whole length of the sash, in the centre, and worked by an iron crosspiece which screwed the bolt half-round, and hooked each end of it into a socket. The fireplace was small, and furnished with two common dogirons without legs, an iron backlog cast to resemble a log of wood, a small iron firestick, an ingenious blower working up and down like a window, by means of weights and pulleys, and a pair of tongs, made without joints, sugar-tong fashion, straddling at ease in the corner. On a broad marble mantlepiece were two fluted brass candlesticks, a pair of fancy porcelain vases, radiant with calico roses and violets, and a crazy timepiece perched on four gilt columns, and confined for safe keeping in a glass case. The bedstead was spacious, and of the usual French model. It was supplied with a wool bed resting upon several straw mattresses, a scant assortment of sheets and blankets, a diamond figured counterpane looking like an immense diaper, and, over all, a blue sack of eider-down serving as a "comforter." By the head of the bed was a *cabinet de nuit*, containing—no matter what. The rest of the inventory—all the articles being made of black walnut—consisted of a marble-topped bureau with four drawers; a marble-topped secretary with a drop-leaf; a marble-topped washstand with a large decanter and tumbler in the first story, and a small pitcher and bowl in the second; a marble-topped centre-table; half-a-dozen red-bottomed armchairs; and a dark bay towelhorse. Everything that had an arm, a leg, a knee, a foot, or a back to it, was more or less dislocated; the green baize of the secretary and the marble-top of the centre-table were discolored in such a manner as to show that the previous occupants of the chamber had lived anything but stainless lives; many crayon portraits of young women sketched upon the walls were far too life-like to have been done from memory; while numerous caricatures of the landlady in the act of presenting her "small bill," showed that even when absent in the body the worthy hostess was present in the spirit. The room seemed spectral with the ghosts of departed tenants. Presently, hearing strange rappings, I began to hum

"Who's dat a-knocking at de door?"

when in walked Books, with a clay pipe running out from his figurehead like a bowsprit with its staysail set, and looking, truth to say, anything but like a spectre. (I believe it may be laid down as a principle that ghosts never smoke.) How unkind of him to disturb an illusion which else might have united me to the world of spirits, and thus turned the tables of my unbelieving heart!

"I hope I don't intrude," said he, laughing at my air of surprise, and hauling down his staysails.

"Not at all. I was merely admiring my room and trying to get the hang of it. Wait a moment till my bag comes up, and I'll take a whiff with you."

"You probably smoke nothing but cigars."

"You're right—when I can get nothing but cigars."

"You don't mean to say that you smoke pipes?"

"Try me, my dear sir."

"Come over to No. 53 then."

Behold me, then, within an hour after my arrival at the hotel, comfortably seated in the room of a man whom I had never seen before, and actually smoking a pipe with him. A clay pipe (not an absurd meerschaum, but an honest clay pipe, made, like ourselves, out of the dust of the earth) is the best conductor of that subtle fluid we call sympathy, in the world. It bridges over the gulf which separates man from man. It is a universal token of fellowship. It precludes all vain words and ceremonies, and establishes a mysterious communion between soul and soul. Your first pipe with a man is an event. It transforms him into a friend. The blue currents, as they unite gracefully over your head, form, as it were, a new heaven peopled with good angels. The true symbol of peace (as Noah would have known had there been a smoking room in the ark) is not the olive-branch, but the tobacco-plant. The introduction of this

"Plant divine, of rarest virtue,"

into general use, is the greatest blessing conferred on man by the discovery of America. How gladly it crossed every sea, and how welcome it was beneath every sky! "In Europe," says a sensible writer in *Blackwood*, "from the plains of the sunny Castile to the frozen Archangel, the pipe and the cigar are a common solace among all ranks and conditions." And yet, like all the pioneers and missionaries of Civilization, tobacco has had to work its way into the hearts and homes of the people through abuse, persecution, and martyrdom. "But in vain," to quote from *Blackwood* again, "in vain was the use of it prohibited in Russia, and the knout threatened for the first offence, and death for the second. In vain Pope Urban VIII. thundered out his bull against it. In vain James I. wrote his 'Counterblaste to Tobacco.'" . . . . "In the East the priests and sultans of Turkey declared smoking a sin against their holy religion, causing its votaries to be strangled; yet nevertheless the Turks and Persians became the greatest smokers in the world. In China the practice is so universal that every female from the age of eight or nine years wears as an appendage to her dress [the dear girls!] a small silken pocket to hold tobacco, and a pipe." In fine, the consumption of tobacco in the world is now about two millions of tons per year, and all sensible men are fast becoming confirmed Tobacchanalians.

"Now, then, how do you like the looks of our hotel?" asked Books, setting his staysail again, and filling it with a fresh puff.

"Well, Sir, except that it gives me the foot-ache getting up those slippery stairs, the place seems to me very comfortable."

"So it is; and when you come to get your French legs on, you will run up and down the waxed thoroughfare as nimbly as Boots. But why didn't you go to Meurice's? That's where most English and Americans put up."

"For two good reasons; first, because I didn't want to get fleeced, the novelty of that operation having worn off in my case some years ago; and, second, because I haven't come three thousand miles from home to see either Yankees or (begging your pardon) Cockneys.

"Judging from most of my countrymen whom I have met on this side of the Atlantic, the chief object of their travels, (next to their being able to say that they have 'been abroad,') is to meet with and glorify—each other. In Liverpool, they pass by every true British hotel, and go to the Waterloo; in London they do the same, and rush to Morley's; in Paris they avoid a Frenchman as they would a frog, and drive to Meurice's; for fear, it would seem, that in Liverpool they might meet with Lancashiremen, in London with Cockneys, and in Paris with Frenchmen, and thus learn something about the respective peculiarities of these persons, to study which, it appears, was not "in the bond." I have seen New Yorkers who have been in London a year without being able to tell a Cockney from a countryman, and in Paris two years without learning enough French to prevent their asking for a boot-jack when they meant to order a turbot."

"Yes," replied Books, "and the wonder is that the waiters didn't in every instance take them at their word; for the French look upon the English and the Americans an an original, omnipotent, and omnigerous race of mortals, who would be as likely to eat (and digest) live oak as anything else. But how do you account for your countrymen going to such hotels?"

"Because the American is eminently a gregarious animal. He likes to go in herds. A Yankee by himself, in any part of the world, is as melancholy a spectacle as an ungleaned stock in the harvested cornfield. He hates solitude, and foreigners are no company to him. The Englishman is too serious for him; the Frenchman is too frivolous; and *neither of them chew.*"

"What does he travel for, then?"

"God only knows."

"But you are an American; why do *you* travel?"

"Not to hunt up stray Yankees, as you see."

"What then?"

"Well, God only knows *that* too. I certainly have no great thirst for information, and dislike moving about as much as a cat. But somehow I like to see all sorts of folks, and can't very well do it without considerable locomotion. I don't much care where I am; and I've no prejudices: I don't think a man is ever good for much without them, but that is my misfortune."

"You are probably married?"

"Probably not, and probably never shall be. It's not in my line. I look upon marriage as the upshot and catastrophe of civilization; and I'm no civilizationist. I don't care to have my likes and dislikes circumscribed."

"But if it wasn't for marriage, the world couldn't be kept a-going."

"I don't care for that, either."

"But what do you care for?"

"Nothing."

"Come, now, you are joking."

"Be it so. That *is* in my line. A woman said to me the other day (for I do see a woman now and then) that she didn't believe I ever spoke a serious word in my life. I wish it had been true. The world is too serious by half. What is there so stupid and solemn as man in all God's creation? What is there here on the earth, or up yonder in the skies, to be so mighty solemn about? Nature herself is half the time on the broad grin. She laughs at us even through her tears. But the world is like

> "A rogue in grain,
> Veneered with sanctimonious theory."

At this point in the conversation, I observed Books staring at me with the fixed, desperate look of a man making superhuman efforts to keep awake; so to prevent his dropping asleep, I dropped the subject, and set his eyelids in motion again by proposing a fresh pipe.

(To be continued in our next.)

DR. HAWKS'S HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

We have received the second of the elaborate volumes, now in course of publication, by Dr. Hawks, on the history of North Carolina. The volume before us presents an exhaustive analysis of public events occurring during the colonial period comprised between the years 1663 and 1729. As might be expected, the general interest of the work increases as it approaches more nearly the stirring incidents of the Revolutionary era, and we do not doubt that Dr. Hawks will be able to throw a flood of light upon the character and motives of those who were the prominent actors in the scenes which marked that crisis. As far as we have examined the work, we can entirely concur in the more valuable, because more intelligent, testimony borne by President Swain, of the University of North Carolina, who, having examined it with care while as yet in manuscript, expresses the subjoined opinion of its merits:—"It exhibits a range and extent of information as to the evidence in relation to controverted facts which I had not ventured to anticipate from even Dr. Hawks's extraordinary opportunities and ability for research; and, if his subsequent volumes shall be characterized by the same unwearied search for truth, and fullness, and accuracy of illustration, we will possess a history which will compare favorably with any State history that has fallen under my observation."—*Washington Intelligencer.*

For the New York Saturday Press.

IN THE WOODS.

I walked alone in depths of Autumn woods:
The ruthless winds had left the maple bare,
The fern was withered, and the sweet-brier's breath
No longer gave its fragrance to the air.

The barberry strung its coral beads no more;
The thistle-down on gauzy wings had flown;
And myriad leaves, on which the Summer wrote
Her blushing farewell, at my feet were strown.

A loneliness pervaded every spot;
A gloom of which my musing soul partook,—
All Nature mourns, I said; November wild
Hath torn the fairest pages from her book.

But suddenly a wild bird overhead,
Poured forth a strain so strangely clear and sweet,
It seemed to bring me back the skies of May,
And wake the sleeping violets at my feet.

Then long I pondered o'er the poet's words,
"The loss of beauty is not always loss,"
Till like the voice of love they soothed my pain,
And gave me strength to bear again my cross.

O murmuring heart! thy pleasures may decay,
Thy faith grow cold, thy golden dreams take wing,
Still in the realm of faded youth and joy,
Heaven kindly leaves some bird of hope to sing.

ALBERT LAIGHTON.

Portsmouth, N. H.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 4, 1858.

CONTENTS OF NO. 6.—NOVEMBER 27, 1858.

The Palace of the Princes of the Press.
A NEW PORTRAIT OF PARIS. Painted from Life. By Henry Clapp, Jr.
Now being from Paris recently,
This fine young man would show his skill.
FROM THE VILLAGE OF MODERN TIMES.
GRAMMATICAL HINTS.
THE HAUNTED HOUSE IN ASTORIA.
NEW BOOKS AND BOOKS IN PRESS.
AMERICAN BOOKS; What they are, and what they ought to be.
MR. DANA'S HOUSEHOLD BOOK OF POETRY.
THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.
MR. EHNINGER'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF MILES STANDISH.
A LADY'S LECTURE ON SOCIAL SCIENCE.
LITERARY ITEMS.
NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.
DRAMATIC FEUILLETON. By Fitz James O'Brien. The Duties of Actors.—Blue and Cherry.—The Ravels in Private Life.—Mr. Barry Sullivan.
CHESS.—Correspondence.—Problem by Mr. E. Brandt, of New York.—An Evans Gambit between Mr. Eugene B. Cook and Mr. F. Perrin.—Incidents and Events in the Chess World.
PROFESSOR CUTLER ON MATRIMONY.

A few back numbers of the SATURDAY PRESS may be obtained at Brentano's News Depot, No. 608 Broadway, corner of Houston street, and at the office of publication, No. 9 Spruce street.

ADVERTISEMENTS for the SATURDAY PRESS should be sent in every week before Thursday noon.

THE SATURDAY PRESS will be delivered to regular subscribers early on Friday evening.

OUR up-town agents for receiving subscriptions to the SATURDAY PRESS are Messrs. Miller, Mathews & Clasback, Booksellers, No. 757 Broadway, and T. J. Crowen, Bookseller and Stationer, No. 699 Broadway, corner of Fourth St.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

One of the most interesting and significant events of the week is a Declaration of Political Independence on the part of the New York *Times.* The solemn Act was duly drawn up, signed, and promulgated—under the Great Seal of Governor Raymond—on the morning of Tuesday, the 30th of November, A. D. 1858. As might have been expected, it produced a remarkable sensation. All honest men were delighted, and all politicians were disgusted. The editors of the party-press were so indignant that they couldn't (or, at any rate, didn't) contain themselves. Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart—the *Tribune,* the *Herald,* and the *Evening Post*—all set up their little bowls against it. The idea of an independent press scattered all their preconceived ideas, and sent them all crazy. They almost feared to think how mad they were.

What put it into the head of Mr. Raymond to throw such a firebrand into the political camp at this awful moment—on the very eve of the opening of the great Political Bear-Garden in Washington—we have not sagacity enough to determine. The only thing that interests us, is the fact. And a more refreshing fact has not come under our notice since the foundation of THE SATURDAY PRESS. We almost wish that we could claim to have had some hand in it ourselves; for if there is one thing which is more demanded by the public welfare than any other at the present moment, it is that our existing political parties—which are kept together only by the possession or the hope of public plunder—be immediately dissolved, and that our entire political tactics, if tactics we must have, be not only reformed but revolutionized. And this work must commence with the press, which has been under the pay and control of party gamblers, party-thieves, and party-ruffians so long—especially in New York—as to have become demoralized and degraded beyond any precedent in the world's history. As a natural consequence, it is now utterly without influence. So true is this, that the combined and concentrated support of all our party-newspapers would not, probably, at the present moment, influence a hundred votes in the whole city. Nobody believes, and nobody ought to believe, a word that they say. In fact, the man who should quote either of them as authority on any mooted question would be sneered at—and very properly sneered at—as an idiot. It is in the very nature of things that this should be so; for no power on earth so corrodes the conscience, and undermines the whole character, like political partisanship.

Doubtless, all parties are, in the beginning, more or less honest; but as they increase in popularity and power, they invariably become first bigoted, then despotic, then corrupt, and, finally, infamous. This is an absolute and inevitable law, and applies to parties of every description—moral, religious, political, and even literary and scientific. One secret of this is that *numbers* constituting the most subtle and therefore the most dangerous form of physical power, no man, and no body of men ever has the opportunity of wielding such a power without abusing it. This is proved by the history of all the parties and sects in the world. The only true course, therefore, for any one who would preserve his self-respect, is to follow not the dictations of a party, but the dictates of common sense, which will generally be the dictates of his own conscience.

This is not our opinion merely, but that of every intelligent and sensible man in the community. In truth, we are almost uncharitable enough to think that it was a shrewd perception and appreciation of this fact on the part of Mr. Raymond, rather than any sudden exaltation of moral sentiment, that led him to desert the Republican Platform (which is quite as rotten as any of the others) and resolve in future to try General Jackson's famous experiment, of standing on his own bottom.

In conclusion, we trust that now, the *Times* has so bravely declared its independence of politicians, that its next step will be to declare its independence of advertisers. This, however, is too much to hope. For when the richest and most pretentious journals in the country can be suborned by advertising patronage into printing nauseous and reiterated puffs of a publication which stands so low in the opinion even of its own proprietor, that he dare not invite a respectable writer to contribute to its columns without offering him an unheard-of sum of money to compensate for what would otherwise be too gross an insult to be borne, the prospect of any advertising sheet exhibiting the least independence as to what wares (literary or other) it shall praise or condemn, is, in our humble opinion, very slight.

PROPOSAL FOR A NEW SERIES OF LECTURES.

The lecture-mongering season is upon us. The literary itinerants, who wander from city to city during the Winter, retailing the crude abridgments of their Summer's reading, are all either looking out for engagements, or preparing to fulfil those they have already made. Judging from the length of the "Lecturers' Directory" published some time ago in the *Tribune,* we should say that the market is overstocked. The few original thinkers whose genius and condition render them noteworthy exceptions, have already more "calls" than they can comply with, but of the smaller fry there is a decided glut.

A correspondent, who seems to be laboring under a violent attack of the *cacoethes loquendi,* has favored us with a communication on this subject, which we publish below for the amusement, if not the instruction, of our readers. As a friend to rising genius suffering under the cold shadow of non-appreciation and neglect, we commend his modest letter to the attention of Literary clubs, Young men's associations, Institutes, and all other societies "for the confusion of knowledge among men."

To the Editors of the N. Y. Saturday Press:

Permit me to introduce myself as a person of original and versatile talent, whose mental capabilities, like those of the immortal Garrick, comprehend in about equal proportions the sublime and the ridiculous. Notwithstanding these extraordinary gifts, I remain in comparative obscurity. And why? Simply because that great intellectual derrick, the PRESS (using that term in the generic sense) has never hoisted me out of it. The public cannot possibly know how to appreciate an author until the newspapers have given the Hydraën monster its cue. Were the doors of the Temple of Fame blown open for me by a few vigorous puffs, I would enter with dignity and occupy the niche assigned to me. But alas, newspaper puffs are a commodity not in your line.

Now, gentlemen, you are reputed justly or unjustly, to be liberal in your dealings with aspiring genius. Let me hope, therefore, that you will allow me to state my case without exacting from me the usual bonus for a disguised advertisement.

I am by birth and education a poet, a humorist, a logician, a critic, a philosopher, a gentleman, and a scholar. It is not often, I believe, that six such distinguished and estimable characters are surmounted by one hat.

I am, by profession, an author, yet it is possible that my works have never come under your observation, from the simple circumstance that they have never appeared in print.

The latest, and perhaps the happiest production of my pen, is a short series of lectures, in which philosophy, wit, and eloquence, are pleasantly intermixed, like potent Glenlivat, acid, and sugar, in a well concocted bowl of punch. Delivered as I should deliver them, they would undoubtedly launch me on "the tide that leads to fortune." But lecture-committees unfortunately are hard-headed, callous-hearted, and discriminate. They all give me the cold shoulder because I am neither notorious nor celebrated, and yet all I want is a fair chance at an audience. Won't some association for doing, diffusing, promoting, or confusing something, offer me an engagement? Be my Mæcenas, and give me the friendly aid of your Editorial stylus.

Here's my programme:—

LECTURE I. treats of the various methods of laying out Parks. Shows how Mungo Park was laid out by the Africans, and what the Albany Commissioners are laying out for the New Central Park; also gives a general history of all our principal City Parks, including Parke Godwin and Park Benjamin.

LECTURE II. is on the art of dodging the halter, and would form an admirable *vade mecum* for ruffians with money, friends, and party influence. It is also replete with important hints to criminal lawyers. Approved methods of bribing witnesses to appear and not to appear, manufacturing that favorite plea of elder Weller, an *alibi,* postponing trials, packing juries, laying pipe for informalities, and taking advantage of the same, exciting sympathy for malefactors, and especially femalefactors, through the press, clogging the wheels of Justice in every possible way, and, finally, slipping the neck of a convicted felon through the law's last loophole by bringing the right sort of influence to bear on the right sort of magistrate.

This lecture deserves, and, I think, would receive the patronage of those potential organizations known as Short Boys, Killers, Plugaglies, Dead Rabbits, Know-nothings, and Republicans, and also of the entire Bar, in all the multifarious senses of that sometimes attractive word.

LECTURE III. is devoted to the Atlantic Cable, and the "deep laid schemes" by which that submarine abortion was foisted upon the public as a "grand success," and its stock puffed into a marketable shape. The way in which two governments, two nations, and too-confiding capitalists were roped into this patent Yankee "springe to catch woodcocks," is clearly explained, and the "message" and other dodges of the Trinity Bay conclave thoroughly exposed.

LECTURE IV. walks into the American Prize Ring, and compliments the "bone and muscle" of the country on accepting, as its champions *par excellence,* a brace of foreign "shoulder-hitters." The importance of encouraging pugilism as an "antidote to the knife," is also illustrated by a description of the display of Arkansas toothpicks, dirks, revolvers, cane-swords, slung shot, and other implements of assassination at the late bruising match between Morrissey and Heenan. The value of well-trained brute force as a political element at primary meetings, conventions, and at the polls on election days, is also eloquently urged upon the consideration of all non-combatant citizens.

LECTURE V. enlarges on the fruitful topics of "Free Love," "Passional Attraction," and their legitimate (and illegitimate) consequences. The following lines, which form the text of the lecture, will afford an inkling of its drift and tenor:

> In her first passion, Woman loves her lover,
> In all the rest, all that she loves is love,
> Which grows a habit she can ne'er get over,
> And fits her loosely like an easy glove.

The great merit of this lecture is, that strong-minded and weak-minded women would be equally charmed with it. I have respectfully dedicated it to all who "love not wisely, but too well."

LECTURE VI. severely rebukes the outcry against the privileges and immunities accorded to political rogues and rascals in this country, as anti-republican and undemocratic. The argument is in this wise. First it is shown statistically, by veracious numbers, that in this blessed age of revivals, the black sheep of the community outnumber the white ones. This fact being established, I come next to the great principle of democracy, viz: the "right of the majority to govern," and to the main object of republican institutions, the "greatest good of the greatest number." Apply these glorious, and immortal principles to the above said moral condition of the people, and the right of rogues and rascals to control legislation for their own good, becomes self-evident. This is good logic, and I defy any honest man to confute it on sound democratic and republican grounds.

Having now given you a programme or synopsis of the course of lectures, with which, if opportunity offers, I mean to charm, amuse, instruct, interest, and electrify my fellow-citizens, I respectfully ask your advice as to the course I shall pursue in the premises.

[illegible]

THE TRIBUNE'S VIEWS OF TURKEY.

The *Tribune* of last Wednesday, with more than ordinary fullness of information, and lucidity of expression, says (we copy verbatim):

Only a day or two since we saw what was a fine lot of turkeys in Indiana, well fed, and dressed in good order, and, if well packed, would have commanded a first-class price when they arrived; but instead of being thoroughly cooled of all natural warmth and heat of scalding, and then packed in layers, with straw, and nailed up tight, so tight they could not move, they were jammed into barrels while warm, without a particle of straw—and now heating and sweating without anything to absorb the moisture, the skin softened, and every time the barrel received every shake in the cars, the skin was chafed, and though not so much actually injured, their market value was reduced full 25 per cent., say 2½ or 3 cents a pound.

For The N. Y. Saturday Press.

SHAKESPEARE'S IDIOSYNCRASY.

A country is scarce tenderer of its naval and military fame than of its literature. Homer will be remembered longer than Leonidas, and England is prouder of Shakespeare than of Wellington. Literature is a world in itself, containing its vast plains, its seas, and its cataracts, among which one might rove forever, and ever find new scenery to enrapture him. It is therefore no wonder that a people should be jealous of this kind of territory, as well as of its earthly hills and plains; that Greece should see a property more valuable in Pindar than in Pindus, and claim more extensive bounds in the superstructure of ideas than for her portion of earth's rocks and pastures,—substratified facts. We, too, glory in our native poets; although it might seem, in Lord Macaulay's reasoning, that, as a nation, we have been born too late to produce our Homers and Miltons. It is true that the world seems to have transferred its veneration from poesy to lucre, but it still regards Heliod with admiration, and surely has not become too sordid to weep for Sappho. There still remains a chord of responsive pathos in the soul of man, even if he has changed his garments and his customs. Some of our patriots rejoice that we Americans are exclusively practical, and seem to consider the age of romance over, and we the heralds of an age of "barren use." But we have not yet recovered from triumphing over Great Britain's throes at our national birth quite sufficiently to be proud of any one as an equal of Washington. We have seen the infancy of all nations to be a season of military glory. We will soon, let us hope, pass quietly into the silver age of literary honor.

It is not our purpose here to discuss exclusively the American peculiarity in letters, for we can scarcely claim for our authors any distinct literary school. We glory in being descended from Shakespeare's countrymen, and in speaking the language of the Elizabethan writers, since our forefathers were as loyal to the virgin-queen as any of her other subjects. We love to see the quaint old volumes on our shelves; they remind us of the rich heritage of thought that has come down to us from those with whom we claim identity of language. From Wicliff, the father of English composition, down to the present day, our vernacular has made itself a world of literature. Wicliff begins his apology for it thus: "Oh Lord God! sithin at the beginning of the faith, so many men translated into Latin, and to great profit of Latin men; let one simple creature of God translate into English, for profit of Englishmen." Thus was the first thought-ship of English timbers launched upon the sea of ink, whereon since so many bold navigators have sailed their rich argosies.

With Chaucer, Gower comes to us with his "Confessio Amantis," telling us a sweet little truth,

> "That alle women lievest would
> Be sovereign of manne's love,"

and winning our hearts with his tender good-nature. Then James of Scotland, Caxton, and Dunbar, bring us to Sir Thomas More and times comparatively modern in our literary scale. But anterior to Shakespeare we find English writing crude, and harsh-sounding to our modern ears. By this giant of dramatists, however, we are met with such profundity of thought, that we are amazed and delighted, and dare not criticize merit so extra-human, plot so ingeniously developed, expression so rare and faultless, and sentiments so startling in their truth. Some of Shakespeare's creations are as famous as if they had been historical characters, and many curious expressions that we meet daily in homely words, we trace to verses of King Lear or Hamlet.

Truly to appreciate him, we must read Shakespeare with the fancy of an artist. And this is probably the reason why many imaginative persons (otherwise by no means commonplace) cannot see, or pretend they cannot see, the beauty of many of his finest scenes. We must banish the foot-lights, the side-scenes, and the whole stagy paraphernalia from our ideal picture as we read, and see it all as an invisible spectator, giving four walls to the apartment, a real view of surrounding country, with hills and forests, and the open air. We must not see the ghost enter from the green-room, but let his faint outline grow into visibility out of nothing; Lear must be seen raving in the midst of a real thunder-storm, and we must feel with him the rushing wind that sweeps over the heath, and bring our imagination to tribute for a groaning and snarling forest. The theatre tries to show us all this, but owing to difficulties needless to be mentioned, can bring but a crippled illusion to aid our fancy.

Shakespeare has this superiority over many of our modern fiction-writers; there is a principle applicable to human affairs to be deduced from all his tragedies—perhaps also from his comedies. He gives us a plot fraught with mystery; he portrays human passions in every form and grade of intensity; and he charms us with a beautiful, strange, yet systematic development; yet there is more than this. This alone, it is true, would insure fascination to the appreciative reader; but the truly appreciative reader receives a moral with the pleasure. He sees in the workings of the plot a deep underlying principle, a profound understanding of the philosophy of human affairs, and the dynamics of human emotions. And the cause always justifies the effect; there is nothing strained beyond the limits of reason in the passion exhibited or the extent to which it rules the action. Were King Lear an electrotype of actual events, the various parts could not balance more accurately. We are perhaps startled at the suddenness with which the old monarch disinherits and curses his dearest daughter for so trivial a cause, but after a little reflection on the nature of the case supposed, we cannot impeach the faithfulness of the delineation. The king in his dotage, unused to contradiction, considering flattery the duty of all around him, and reducing the standard of merit and worth to exact conformance to his whim, sees a heinous crime, intolerable and foul, in that daughter's declaration that she could ever spare any of her love to another than her father. That

> "Haply, when I shall wed,
> That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
> Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:
> Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
> To love my father all."

It has been doubted by some that there is sufficient cause given for Lear's madness, but the doubt is so slender that a careful and critical perusal must remove it. One of the most touching scenes described in the English language is the concluding one of this exquisite tragedy. It is the hoary old king leaning over his dead daughter, looking tenderly and earnestly into her face, and trying to fancy her still alive. He thinks he hears her speak, faintly, for "her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman."

In all his plays, different as the plots and pathos may be, he is the same sweet Shakespeare still. In all, he puts high moral teachings into the mouths of villains without destroying their villany, and sound philosophy into the nonsense of jesters, making them not a whit less fools. Above all, he does noble justice to the female character. This element in writing must have an elevating tendency wherever it is understood. The more the respect for and belief in woman obtains a place in society, the higher is the tone of that society. In spite of the prudery that denounces Shakespeare, he is a benefactor to morals and true refinement. Few books should be held more dear than his works, and few geniuses are more admirable than his. He can arouse any emotion, from the dreamy pleasure of the Midsummer Night's Dream, to the frenzy of Macbeth and the deep grief of Hamlet. He is a world of feeling,—sometimes flower-gardens heavy with sweetness; sometimes wild as Alpine gorges in a storm. Man will probably never be too high in intellect to read him without instruction and delight, or ever willing to spare him from the library-shelf.

J. C.

Odds and Ends.

INCONSIDERATE TO THE LAST.

The *N. Y. Tribune* announces that Col. Thomas L. Harris, of Illinois, being "just dead," his seat "in the present as well as the next Congress is vacant." We think the honorable member might have left his seat in *one* of the two Congresses, at least, occupied; but it seems he was of a different opinion, and inconsiderately vacated them both. Such is life.

EVERETT *VICE* WASHINGTON.

Rev. Charles Brooks, of Boston, hopes that when Mount Vernon shall be bought and paid for, there may be funds enough left to erect on some retired spot near the house where Washington lived, a simple and solid column, on the top of which may be placed a full length statue of Everett in the act of delivering his famous oration. It strikes us that if, in the place of a monument to Washington, we are to have one to Everett, the distinguished New Englander would be more aptly represented in the act of writing for the *Ledger.*

WHAT ARE WE?

We have received a curious circular from Mr. Milton J. Cook, Detroit, Michigan, commencing, "Dear Sir, or Madam, as the case may be" (and we beg to state that, if either, we are a "Dear Sir"), expressing a humble desire to know our religious views, especially those peculiar to ourself, as fully as we feel willing to give them, and in the style and order we would prefer to have them appear when printed. The writer would also be pleased to receive an account of the leading incidents of our life, such as the time, place, and circumstances of our birth, early education, trials and deprivations, or advantages of life, positions held at various times, etc., etc. This information obtained, we have a chance, in payment for the trouble of communicating it (and we have employed four secretaries at the task already, including our father-confessor), to appear in some part of a four volume work, entitled, "The Religious Faith of American Statesmen and Politicians; The Religious Faith of American Editors; The Religious Faith of American Poets and Prose Writers; the Religious Faith of Presidents and Professors of Law, Medical, Scientific, Literary, and Theological Institutions"; and in fact, the religious faith of all mankind, irrespective of sex, color, or size. The circular winds up with a long "N. B.," commencing thus:

N. B. I would also be greatly obliged to you, and make kindly acknowledgment, if you, feeling friendly to the enterprise, will give me all such P. O. addresses as you may be acquainted with, of persons whose names are *not marked* in either of the accompanying lists (the names are *marked* as fast as ascertained); also, of other persons whose names you would like to introduce, and deem suitable for either list, but omitted through oversight, forgetfulness, unintentional neglect, or want of knowledge. There are, no doubt, many persons of this class, whose forbearance the writer would respectfully ask; and each of them as, through the kind assistance of some friend, receive this note, will please not be bashful, backward, nor *spunky* because *their* names do not happen to appear in the list; but send on their communications, and consider themselves cordially and earnestly invited, just the same as the others:—or, should any person take exceptions to any name in the list, he is at liberty to state the grounds thereof.

A. B. C.

"Philanthropy," says Rev. Sydney Smith, "is the universal sentiment of the human heart"; whenever A sees B in trouble, he always wants C to relieve him.

"USED-UP."

Mr. Staunton, the chess-clown of England, was, at last accounts, incapacitated from keeping his professional engagements, in consequence of his having incautiously taken an over-dose of *Morphine.*

TOO TRUE.

The *Evening Post,* in a curious article on daguerreotypes, says that "Sun-pictures on silver and paper have been made almost as common as newspapers in every family, *even the poorest.*"

BOSTON DEVOTION.

A correspondent states that the Rev. Theodore Parker, on his late reäppearance in the pulpit after a severe fit of illness, offered up the most eloquent prayer that was ever made to a Boston audience.

BRAVO!

The *N. Y. Times,* in its issue of last Wednesday, says:

We care nothing whatever for the success of the Republican party, or any other party, *as such.* We subscribe to no party platform—put faith in no party objects—support no party candidates, wear no party badge, and do not intend to work for the accomplishment of any merely party end.

A newspaper which should adhere to a programme like this for a year, would deserve to be immortalized.

THE HEIGHT OF THE MAGNANIMOUS.

Irving, in the first volume of his *Life of Washington,* gravely states that he (Washington) spoke of the awful responsibility of his situation "with that solemn and sedate resolution, and *that hopeful reliance on Supreme Goodness, which belonged to his magnanimous nature.*" Now, although no one can have a more profound reverence than ourselves for the character of Washington, we humbly submit that even for him, great and good as he was, to place reliance upon Supreme Goodness, required no particular "magnanimity." Moreover, we beg respectfully to suggest to the "laudators of Washington" that in no way can the memory of any human being, however great, be more profound than by claiming perfection for him, and treating him as a god.

MR. GOLDBECK.

Mr. Goldbeck's concert, last Thursday evening, was so well attended, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, that under more propitious circumstances, he would doubtless have had a crowded house. The chief incident of the evening was the performance of Mr. Goldbeck's trio, which was universally pronounced to be a production of extraordinary merit.

We noticed among the audience most of the leading musical amateurs of the city, who appear to look upon Mr. Goldbeck as not only one of the best pianists in the country, but as one of our most original and brilliant composers.

DOWN WITH STRIPES AND PLAIDS.

The *Independent*—a weekly journal of religion and dry goods, published in this city—remarks, in its last issue:

French robes will be the prevailing style for next season, it is said. This is what is wished to be, or is speculated on, while stripes and plaids are to be ignored, according to the absurd law of fashion, which is promulgated from Paris, and imported here as the most unconditionally absolute kind of law. Why should the *ton* of dress be dictated to us from Paris? Can no appropriate and elegant style be originated here? This slavishness to foreign fashions derives its force from mere opinion. Our ideas on the subject are all taken from abroad—from France.

From all which we infer that a certain large jobbing house in Broadway has on hand a large stock of French robes, and has sold out all its stripes and plaids.

CONCISE.

The *N. Y. Commercial Advertiser,* with a brevity which almost amounts to wit, says that the correspondence between Edward Everett and Mr. Bonner speaks for itself. It occurs to us—though we hate to spoil a curt sentence—that it speaks more particularly for Mr. Bonner.

ANOTHER CASE OF REPUDIATION.

A subscription has been set on foot in a town in Mississippi, with a view to raise funds for the purpose of supplying an old church in the place with a new set of pews.

ORIGINAL.

A heterodox divine out West announces a work on "Original Sin," the chief object of which, we understand, is to show that sin is not such an original thing after all.

Literary Items.

— The English government, says the Sydney *Herald,* has granted the sum of £1000 for the publication of an Australian "Flora," and the work has been undertaken by Mr. Bentham, a distinguished botanist of the present day, who, it is understood, will have at his command the Kew Herbarium, to which the labors of Frazer and others have largely contributed.

— The Florence correspondent of the Providence *Journal* says that Mr. Francis Boott, of Boston, received the second award in the department of Music of the Academy of Fine Arts of Florence, at its recent annual exposition. Mr. Boott submitted an elaborate composition, covering one hundred pages, upon a theme assigned by the institution for the present year. It is considered by the Italians as an achievement which does much credit to the competitor, as such successes are rarely recorded there in favor of foreigners.

— There is a pleasant literary club in Boston, composed of the contributors to the *Atlantic Monthly.* The members meet once a month at Parker's, where they say bright things and discuss the delicacies of the season. The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table"—much against the will of the ex-schoolmistress, we presume—is a regular attendant. Emerson, Lowell, Fields, and others, grace the mahogany.

— Mr. James W. Sheehan, editor of the Chicago *Times,* has in preparation a Life of Senator Douglass, which will be published early next Spring by a firm in this city. The work is authorized by "The Little Giant."

— Lamartine has an unhappy way of weeping on the public's shoulder; and as the public has a passion for doing unreasonable and absurd things, Lamartine's capacious *portemonnaie* has been replenished several times. Lamartine is the unfortunate owner of several very valuable chateaux. Lamartine, with a sum of money which most men would consider a fortune, is on the verge of starvation. He will perish from the want of the mere necessaries of life if he is obliged to subsist on ten or twelve thousand dollars a year. The pitiful state of destitution to which the great French author has been reduced may be inferred from the following paragraph:—"A few days since," says the Paris correspondent of the Boston *Transcript,* "it was announced here that M. de Lamartine had sold one of his still remaining properties for the sum of 750,000 francs (one hundred and fifty thousand dollars); this statement has just been contradicted by the great spendthrift poet, who says he has not sold the property for that amount, it being worth much more. Now the being a beggar, and having property worth nearly a quarter of a million, is about the nicest specimen of beggary that I have ever heard of, and I dare say many of your readers would like to be so miserably provided for. The fact is, M. de Lamartine was on too high a pedestal, and he must get down to something more truly what he merits. As for the moneys that have been subscribed, both in this country and in England, to be given to him, this gentleman should have been ashamed to accept such aid, while still having immense properties in his possession."

— Dispatches by the *Europa* announce the death of Robert Owen, the author of the "New Moral World," and several remarkable works on social science. Mr. Owen was born in Wales in the year 1771, and was at one time among the most famous men of his day. He died at Newton, Monmouthshire, his birthplace.

— "The Fair Maid of Perth," in two volumes, is Messrs. [illegible] The publishers have issued, up to the present time, forty-four volumes, and will complete the series by February.

— The Hon. Theophilus Parsons, Professor in the Harvard Law school, is engaged in preparing for the press a biography of his father, Chief Justice Parsons of Massachusetts.

— The December number of "*The Young Men's Magazine,*" edited by Mr. Richard C. McCormick, contains a great variety of interesting matter. Publication office, No. 348 Broadway.

— In announcing a fête to be held on the occasion of the Burns Centenary, at the London Crystal Palace, on January 25th, 1859, the directors of that institution offer a prize of fifty guineas for the best poem on the subject, the copyright to remain in the hands of the company.

— A copy of the first edition of Burns' Poems, printed at Kilmarnock in 1786, was recently sold in Edinburgh for £3 10s.; it is in the original binding, and was purchased by Mr. Stevenson, the antiquarian bookseller.

— A new periodical, devoted chiefly to the study of the philosophy of languages, has recently been commenced in Paris; it is entitled *Tribune des Linguistes,* and is edited by Mr. Henriey, formerly one of the editors of *Le National.*

— It is said that Lady Morgan is preparing her memoirs for publication by Mr. Bentley.

— A newspaper-starting epidemic is at present raging with unusual fatality in this city and elsewhere, if we may judge by the numerous prospectuses of literary, musical, and political journals with which we have been favored. The following weeklies and monthlies have entered the editorial arena within a few weeks: *Gleason's Line-of-Battle-Ship,* Boston; *The Daily Telegram,* New York; *The American Monthly,* an illustrated magazine published by Dame & Co., New York; *Our Musical Friend,* New York, and *The Great Republic.* On the 18th of this month, Mr. McElrath, late of the *Tribune,* will issue the first number of *The Century,* "a national newspaper of politics, commerce, finance, economy, literature, science, and art." *The Constellation,* edited by Mr. Park Benjamin, will probably appear in January. *The Lotus,* a literary monthly under the charge of Mrs. Annie C. Ketchum, will make its debut at Memphis sometime during the present season.

— We publish on our first page a lively biographical sketch of Nell Gwynn, selected from Mr. Goodrich's "Women of Beauty and Heroism." This volume, unlike the generality of books prepared for the holiday times, has a value beyond its elegant typography and superb binding.

— We have received from the publishers, Messrs. H. H. Lloyd & Co., the December number of *La Fleur de Lis,* an admirable little monthly in French. The magazine is made up of brief original papers and careful selections from the writings of the best French authors. Young people acquiring the language will find an invaluable aid in *La Fleur de Lis.* The following is the table of contents for the current month: Le Spectre; Shakespeare; Le Commencement du Voyage; Mœurs Universitaires en Allemagne; L'enfant Aspirant; Lettre Sur La Mythologie; Pierre Sapperbalt; Naivete d'un Paysan; L'Insecte Aile; Le Depart de la Diligence; Le Lion et le Tigre; L'Oiseau Mort de Reine Garde; Anecdotes; Le Concert Des Fees; Maximes; Observations Detachees; Calembours.

— Mr. Charles Desilver, of Philadelphia, has in press A History of all Religious Denominations in the United States, England, and Scotland," containing authentic accounts of the History, etc., of each denomination, written by eminent members of the respective persuasions, copiously illustrated with portraits.

— Sir Bulwer Lytton has again been elected Rector by the students of Glasgow. His majority over Lord Shaftesbury was small, but that which he obtained over Mr. Charles Dickens was very large. The Scotch have apparently forgiven the author of "Paul Clifford" for contending that their language was no more entitled to respect than the thieves' slang of London, and that the latter was as available as the former for artistic purposes in fiction.

EHNINGER'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO "MILES STANDISH."—A unique and beautiful work is announced among the holiday publications of Messrs. Rudd & Carleton, of this city, in Mr. Ehninger's Illustrations of "The Courtship of Miles Standish." The special peculiarity of these illustrations—which will be published in quarto form, somewhat in the sumptuous style of Darley's "Margaret"—is that they are photographed on a reduced scale from the original drawings, which are thus reproduced, even in the minutest and finest touches, with a fidelity altogether impossible in the usual process of engraving. This is quite a novelty in illustrative art, at least on this side of the Atlantic, and under the masterly treatment of Brady, who prepares the pictures, the effect is as admirable as it is novel.

Mr. Ehninger has selected for his pencil from "the Courtship of Miles Standish," what, we think, every reader would confess to be the most striking of the charming pictures which stand out, as it were, on the bare text of that poetic story of early New England. Take, for example, such scenes as the interview, with which the poem opens, in "the rude and primitive dwelling" of Miles Standish, where the manly but bluff and boastful Puritan captain

> "Boasts of the brightness of his armor and points out the dent in his cuirass,"

to the graceful stripling, John Alden, whose "hurrying pen is momentarily suspended" in the act of giving attention; or where John Alden is doing reluctant duty in tendering the matrimonial offer of his commander to the Puritan maiden, who sits at her wheel, with the Ainsworth hymn-book open on her lap, and "feeding the ravenous spindle," just before she was prepared to astonish him with the Yankee response (of course an interrogatory), "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"; or the return of the *Mayflower* to England from the bleak shores, the town of "seven houses;" or the apparition of Miles Standish at the wedding of John and Priscilla, in the rude meetinghouse of the Pilgrims; or (last and most richly charged picture of all), the wedding procession of Puritan men, women, and children, on their way from church, preceded by the group of Priscilla and her two lovers, marching one each side of her—Priscilla being mounted on the crimson covered white steer of John Alden, who leads the animal by a ring in its nose, holding one of the hands of his fair bride, who now feels safe in extending the other to her former lover, the sturdy captain trudging gallantly at her side.

These are some of the pictures in Mr. Ehninger's volume, all of which display most effective and finished treatment, and are instinct with the sympathetic inspiration of a genius which fully apprehends and appreciates the purpose and sentiment of the poet. The costumes, furniture, and other accessories introduced, conform, so far as we can judge, to the requisites of historical verisimilitude. The three principal figures, Miles Standish, John Alden, and Priscilla, seem too perfect for improvement; and the other personages are well portrayed, in appropriate though not conspicuous relief. The grouping is singularly effective and graceful, and in the anatomy and drawing it would not be easy to suggest a fault.

Mr. Ehninger's work will be published with the approval of Mr. Longfellow, who, in a private note, written some time since, expressed his critical approval of one of the pictures (the only one then finished) in the strongest terms, and we believe that the thousands of readers of Miles Standish will, when they see it, concur with the author's judgment.

The artist has worthily aided the poet in throwing the charm of romance—"the consecration and the poet's dream"—over the austere annals of the Pilgrims, and, as it were, creating (such is the divine privilege of genius) a new heaven and a new earth for the bleak and misty shores of the Plymouth of 1620.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Notices of Books.

THE WITCHES OF NEW YORK as encountered by Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P.B. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 1859.

The lovers of Montaigne, Charles Lamb, and our own polished humorist, the "Autocrat," will find but little to delight them in the exaggeration which characterises Mr. Thompson's books. In the essays of Elia, delicate and subtle thought is wrapped up in the quaintest prose: with Mr. Thompson, all the quaintness is generally in the wrapper. He has a funny way of saying things, but not always a way of saying funny things. Nothing is so satiating as mere style. It is the skeleton and not the soul of prose.

Mr. Thompson's "Witches of New York" deserves a kind of praise which could not well be awarded to his previous productions. Not that the author has neglected to pile up the adjectives, or ceased to be striking at the expense of human nature and the English language—but because he has really done the public a service in calling attention to an evil the extent and influence of which are bitter satires on the laws of this city. That there exists among us a class of people, who, under the mask of Astrology, Necromancy, and other absurd professions, have reduced theft, seduction, and every imaginable crime to a system, is simply a frightful fact. In exploring the dens of these creatures and laying bare their revolting operations, Mr. Thompson has performed a good act, the serious importance of which he does seem to understand, since he treats the whole affair (excepting in his preface) as he would a dog-fight, or "Doesticks on a Bender." Mr. Thompson is a man of peculiar genius, but he has not written his best things.

Books Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

Shamish in Pursuit of Freedom; or, the Branded Hand. Translated from the original Showish, and edited by an American citizen. New York: Thatcher & Hutchinson. 1858.

In and Around Stamboul. By Mrs. Edmund Hornby. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son.

Religious Aspects of the Age, with a Glance at the Church of the Present and Future, being Addresses delivered at the Anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Association, 1858. New York: Thatcher & Hutchinson.

Rollo's Tour in Europe. By Jacob Abbott. Ten volumes. Boston: Brown, Taggard & Chase.

The New Priest in Conception Bay. A Novel. 2 vols. 16mo. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

IN PRESS.

James Challen & Son, Philadelphia.

Palestine Past and Present. Royal 8vo. pp. 600. $3 50.

European Life, Legend and Landscape. Illustrated. 8vo. cloth, pp. 150. 75c.

Christian Morals. 18mo. cloth, pp. 200. 50c.

Pearl of Days. 18mo. pp. 156. 30c.

Heaven's Antidote. 18mo. pp. 160. 30c.

A New History of the Conquest of Mexico. By Judge Wilson. Royal 8vo. Illustrated. pp. 600. $2 50.

Osborn's New Map of Palestine, 30x52 inches, book form. $1 50.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE SEASON.

With the first snow the theatrical season may be said to have set in. One scarcely realises the long nights until the ground is whitened, and the trees of the parks are leafless. Christmas—time of holiday to Tom, Dick, and Harry, emancipated from school—is a time of toil to those ladies and gentlemen who, inhabiting that mysterious region bounded by the green curtain, furnish the youngsters with themes for endless talk after their return to Greek Grammar and the *Pons Asinorum*. Then the still dormitories are illumined with memories of the Ravels, their spangles and wondrous disparitions; of Mr. Lester, his splendid uniforms and more magnificent assurance when he enacts those comedy heroes whom no circumstances can abash, and who after dispensing various patrimonies with needless profusion, terminate by marrying an innocent heroine in white muslin, with ten thousand pounds a year in her own right. I can never look upon the theatrical season as fairly commenced until I see the dress circle and parquet chubby with young holiday faces, and gleaming with those juvenile uniforms in which American pedagogues see fit to encase their youthful charges.

I do not think that my little friends will have what they themselves term a "high old time" at the theatre this season. I hear nothing of tremendous *spectacles* or uproarious burlesques on the *tapis*. The pen of Brougham rests upon the triumph of Pocahontas and Columbus. Laura Keene is about to give us, to be sure, that wonderful fairy poem, the Midsummer Night's Dream, with Puck and Bottom, and Oberon and Titania. There we will, of course have gigantic mushrooms appearing through square trapdoors cut in the midst of sylvan scenes; fairies clearing the clouds on obvious wires, an ass's head displaying the usual profound zoological knowledge of the property man, and Mendelssohn's wonderful music doubtless admirably performed by Mr. Baker and his orchestra.

It is a hazardous experiment for Miss Keene to undertake the production of such a piece as the Midsummer Night's Dream. This extraordinary fantasy—perhaps the most thoroughly original dramatic performance in all of Shakespeare's works—deals with such wild, quaint elements, that its realisation on the stage requires a subtlety of manipulation rarely met with in New York theatres. Its exquisite poetry and wonderful humor charm us in the closet, because there Imagination is the scene-painter, and Fancy the machinist. The fairies float through ether, shapely as the old gods, prismatic as the rainbow. The forest is dewy with the liquid pearls sown by Night; Titania is radiant with a supernatural beauty. Bottom assumes his asinine head-piece without the aid of a dresser, and it seems to belong to him as naturally as the stag's legs do to the satyrs and fawns. The scene shifts from Athens to the Palace of Theseus without prompter's whistle, and in noiseless grooves. Hippolyta puts on no paint, and Lysander does not wear false calves. The utter unreality becomes real, and the grotesque and beautiful figures embroidered on this strange tapestry, fall into harmonious relations in the solitude of the study. But when presented to us in flesh and blood, and calico and gimp, and yellow ochre and canvas, how difficult it is to preserve the mystic beauty of the poem. A scene [illegible] the scene-painter's brush, an accidental [illegible] of the carpenter's hand at the wings, the slightest instability in Bottom's head-dress, and lo! instead of being in a wood near Athens, encompassed with whispering oaks and phosphoric fairies, we find ourselves suddenly landed in the dress-circle of a New York theatre, and remember that we paid fifty cents at the door.

Miss Laura Keene will, doubtless, do her best in the production of the Midsummer Night's Dream. She will certainly have room for a display of managerial talent and industry. But if, as is too often the case, she is not going to work in that loving and artistic spirit in which such works should only be produced, it were much better that she confined herself to the production of comedies like "Our American Cousin," which, without drawing largely on the intelligence of the audience, draw large sums of money to the treasury.

Mr. Wallack is, like Miss Laura Keene, also busy with a Shakespearian revival. Sometime before Christmas we are to be favored at this theatre with the Merchant of Venice, Mr. Wallack, of course, filling his time-honored *role* of Shylock. This is without any exception the most striking of all Mr. Wallack's Shakespearian performances, and supported, as rumor says he is about to be, by new scenic illustration, and magnificent costumes, it will, doubtless, attract large audiences, a feature for which this theatre has not been as yet remarkable during the season.

Probably the most attractive theatrical event of this season will be an amateur performance, in aid of the Dramatic Fund Association, undertaken on a scale of unusual splendor, at the Academy of Music. It is understood that the chief attraction at this performance will be an original drama, constructed expressly for the occasion, by three gentlemen of literary repute, and produced with an attention to scenic detail, and to costume, seldom witnessed in this city. A large number of gentlemen and ladies in this city, possessing marked talents for the stage, will for the first time, on this occasion, give the public an opportunity of judging their concealed ability, and the direction of the performances being confided to a professional gentleman, whose genius, as an actor, is not second to his talent as an author, it is predicted that this attempt will, at least, be free from those executive crudities for which amateur performances are generally distinguished.

MR. RANGER AT WALLACK'S THEATRE.

A gentleman bearing the name of Ranger, and who, it is stated in the bills, is of American and English celebrity, has been resuscitated by the management of this theatre from what must have been a considerably long interment. Mr. Ranger is an actor of the school of Fanen, and much resembles that great actor after he had lost his teeth. I saw him play Sir Peter Teazle in Mr. Sheridan's wonderful comedy. It is a part altogether too large for him. The extraordinary geniality of that well-bred, hen-pecked gentleman, is broader than Mr. Ranger's shoulders. He was pleasant, and sometimes laughable, but far inferior to Mr. Blake in the same character—that is when Mr. Blake was sufficiently condescending to know his part. The majority of the characters were so wretchedly sustained in this performance that I have scarcely patience to speak of them. Lady Sneerwell, Sir Benjamin Backbite, Maria, and Joseph Surface, were all as bad as they well could be. Miss Henrarde is a *danseuse*, and has no business to play high comedy; Mr. Wheatleigh as Sir Benjamin, did not seem to have the remotest conception of the tittle-tattling "Maccaroni" of the period; Mr. Sloan—an excellent actor—was altogether out of his line in Crabtree, and I must say, that however correct Mr. Dyott may be as an elocutionist—doubting nevertheless his correctness in that department of his art—I am certain that the author never intended Joseph Surface to be presented as a whining, transpicuous villain, but rather as a well-bred and elegant double-dealer, who is at length unmasked by force of circumstances. Mr. Dyott's Joseph Surface would not deceive even a New York detective policeman.

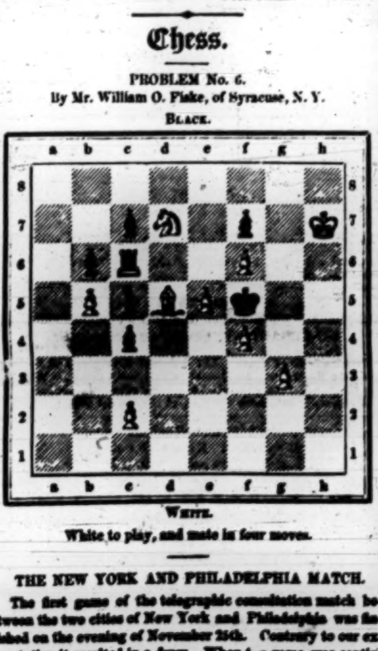
FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 6.

By Mr. William O. Fiske, of Syracuse, N. Y.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

THE NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA MATCH.

The first game of the telegraphic consultation match between the two cities of New York and Philadelphia was finished on the evening of November 25th. Contrary to our expectation it resulted in a draw. When the game was continued on the 22d of November, we certainly thought that the Quaker City would win without much difficulty, and all the analysis of Manhattan tended to confirm our opinion. The contest was nevertheless a very close one, and we give the game with some notes of our own. In playing over the game the reader will remember that New York played the Black pieces.

	NEW YORK.	PHILA.
1.	d7—d5	e2—e3
2.	c7—c5	d2—d4
3.	Kt b8—c6	Kt g1—f3
4.	Kt g8—f6	c2—c4
5.	e7—e6	Kt b1—c3
6.	a7—a6	b2—b3

Up to New York's sixth move the game is opened, on both sides, in accordance with the most approved authorities. Staunton says of Philadelphia's sixth move that although right and necessary in its place, it is now premature.

	NEW YORK.	PHILA.
7.	c5—d4:	Kt f3—d4:
8. B	f8—b4	B c1—d2
9. Kt	c6—d4:	e3—d4:

This play, we think, was inconsiderate on the part of the New Yorkers. They seem to have supposed that they were about to win the Pawn at d4.

	NEW YORK.	PHILA.
10.	0—0	a2—a3
11. B	b4—c3:	B d2—c3:
12. Kt	f6—e4	Q d1—c2

Philadelphia plays the best move. If the Bishop had retreated to b2, or if Rook had been placed at c1, New York would have played 13. Q d8—g5 with much more effect.

	NEW YORK.	PHILA.
13. Q	d8—g5	B c3—d2
14. Q	g5—f6	B d2—e3

The objection to the exchange of Queens was that it would bring Philadelphia's King into good play; but we question whether it were not the sounder course. Another move worthy of consideration for New York was 14. Q g5—g6.

	NEW YORK.	PHILA.
15. Q	f6—e7	B f1—d3

New York has evidently lost some time.

	NEW YORK.	PHILA.
16.	f7—f5	B [illegible]
17.	b7—b6	B [illegible]
18. B	c8—b7	h2—h4
19. Kt	e4—d6	K e1—f1

By the last two moves Philadelphia gives up all idea of castling. Although the progress of the game proved that the idea was a sound one, we nevertheless admire the nerve and skill which led the Athenæum Players to resolve on a course apparently so hazardous.

	NEW YORK.	PHILA.
20. Kt	[illegible]	Q [illegible]
21. R	[illegible]	R h1—h3
22.	d4—c4:	b3—c4:

Much better than retaking with Bishop.

	NEW YORK.	PHILA.
23. Kt	g4—e5:	Q c2—e4:

This exchange was certainly unadvisable. The Knight occupied a fine position, from which it could only be dislodged by f2—f3, a move which would have greatly cramped the motion of the Rook at h3. And besides, the Philadelphia Queen is thus brought into excellent play.

	NEW YORK.	PHILA.
24. Q	e7—f6	B a1—h1
25. [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
26. [illegible]	[illegible]	B [illegible]
27. B	b7—c6	K f1—e2

Well played by the Athenæum Committee.

	NEW YORK.	PHILA.
28. R	f8—h8	f2—f3
29. B	c6—d5:†	K e2—d3:
30. K	g8—f7	K d3—c3
31. K	f7—e7	a3—a4

Another elegant move on the part of Philadelphia.

	NEW YORK.	PHILA.
32. K	e7—d7	R h1—d1†

The only moves for both parties.

	NEW YORK.	PHILA.
33. K	d7—e7	R d1—d6

New York could do nothing else. To attempt to carry the King over to the other side of the board would have been ruinous, on account of the strong position held by the Rook at d6.

	NEW YORK.	PHILA.
34.	a6—a5	h4—h5

It is our opinion that if Philadelphia had left the pawns on the King's flank as they are, and pursued the attack on the Queen's wing with care, the game would have been won by the Quaker City. The analysis of New York, at least, tended to this result.

	NEW YORK.	PHILA.
35.	g7—g5	h5—g6:
36.	h7—g6:	f3—f4
37. R	h8—b7	K c3—d4
38. R	b7—b6	c4—c5

New York was compelled to await the development of Philadelphia's attack.

	NEW YORK.	PHILA.
39.	b6—c5:†	K d4—c5:
40. R	b6—b2	R d6—b6

New York expected that Philadelphia would now play R d6—a6.

	NEW YORK.	PHILA.
41. R	b2—c2†	K c5—b6
42. R	c2—g2:	K b5—a5:
43.	g5—g4	R b6—b7†
44. K	e7—f8	f4—g5
45. R	g2—e2	R b7—b1

The last few moves could scarcely be improved. New York could hardly have retained the Pawn at g5 with safety. From this point the New Yorkers, who were doubtful before, confidently counted on a drawn game.

	NEW YORK.	PHILA.
46.	f5—f4	R b1—f1
47. R	e2—e5:†	K a5—b6
48. R	e5—f5	a4—a5
49. K	f8—g7	a5—a6
50.	e6—e5	a6—a7
51. R	f5—f8	R b1—a1

If Philadelphia had played K b6—b7, followed by a7—a8 (Q), New York would have sacrificed the Rook, and would at least have drawn the game by the rapid advance of the united Pawns at e5 and f4.

	NEW YORK.	PHILA.
52.	f4—f3	K b6—c6
53. R	f8—a8	K c6—d5

New York's last move makes the game a plain and easy draw.

	NEW YORK.	PHILA.
54. K	g7—g6	K d5—e5:
55. [illegible]	[illegible]	R a1—f1
56. R	a8—a7:	R f1—f3
57. R	a7—e7†	K [illegible]

And New York proposed to consider the contest drawn, to which Philadelphia assented.

THE VERY LATEST FROM PAUL MORPHY.

We have letters from Mr. Morphy and others in Paris dated Nov. 18th. The young hero was in fine health and excellent spirits, and had concluded to remain in Europe until near Spring. He had publicly announced his intention not to play any more even games against any single player in France except Harrwitz, but declared his willingness to make a match with whatever Gallic player that chose to enter the lists at proper odds. It must bring back the days of Labourdonnais to every Frenchman's mind, to see Mr. Morphy thus offering to play all France at Pawn and Move. The St. George's Club, the London Club, and the Manchester Club, had all proffered him public dinners upon his return to England. He had also received official letters from the Clubs of Amsterdam, Berlin, Breslau, and Leipsic, urgently pressing him to visit those cities before his departure for America. Congratulatory epistles were pouring in upon him from all the foremost chess writers and chess amateurs of Europe, among others from Mayet, Lange, Anderssen, Dubois, and Allix. The last named, an intimate friend of Von Heydebrand und der Lasa, says: "From what I have seen of Mr. Morphy's play, I feel satisfied that he would win a majority of games from the great Heydebrand himself, although there is a peculiarity with my friend's play, namely, that it rises with his opponent." Professor Anderssen would certainly be in Paris by the 20th of December. There is no truth in a late statement in the *Illustrated News* to the effect that Harrwitz was about to propose a second match. Mr. Mason, the American Minister, had showed great attentions to his distinguished young countryman.

Concerning the Staunton imbroglio we have some items of interest. A celebrated practitioner, now resident in England, thus writes: "I am glad to say that there is but one opinion here in regard to Staunton's conduct; every one says he acted in a most unmanly and ungenerous spirit, and in this opinion I altogether concur." Another amateur, one of the very first of living British players, expresses himself in this wise: "Staunton's reputation is much battered, and so I pity him. Writing privately, I have no hesitation in saying that the long and the short of the matter is, he was dreadfully afraid of you, and not without cause. He is to blame for not saying so three months since, like a manly coward." Lord Lyttleton has also written a reply to Mr. Morphy's letter, in which, although for many years on a footing of close intimacy with Staunton, he asserts that the Shakesperian gentleman should have declared his inability to meet Mr. Morphy as far back as the date of the New Orleans challenge, and testifies that Mr. Staunton in his presence unconditionally promised at the Birmingham Assembly to meet the American champion over the board in November. The SATURDAY PRESS ventures to inform John Gilbert, if it be not too late, that when he comes to design the illustrations of Sir John Falstaff for the Staunton Shakespeare, he will find an excellent model for the character of that hero not a hundred miles from the residence of the chess editor of the *Illustrated News*. But he must not expect to find him half as jolly as the old knight.

A CRIMINAL CONFESSION.

Mr. Staunton having been accused of publishing a mutilated and therefore spurious letter of Mr. Morphy's, has just confessed to the crime in the following letter, the hardihood and insolence of which remind one of the stereotyped confessions of impenitent and impertinent convicts.—[*Eds. Sat. Press.*

(To the Editor of the *Illustrated London News.*)

SIR,—My attention has this moment been directed to a passage in a letter of Lord Lyttleton to Mr. Morphy, wherein allusion is make to the "suppression" of a portion of Mr. Morphy's letter to me, which you published, together with my answer, in your paper for Oct. 23. I have not seen the epistle to which Lord Lyttleton's is a reply; but I *plead guilty at once to having omitted, when sending you Mr. Morphy's jeremiad and my answer, a couple of paragraphs from the former.* My reasons for omitting them were, in the first place, because they appeared to me to be irrelevant to the main point between Mr. Morphy and me; secondly, because I knew if the letters extended very much beyond the limited space you apportion to chess they were pretty certain of being omitted, or, as Mr. Morphy phrases it, "*suppressed*" altogether; and, thirdly, because I had already written to a friend in Paris with whom, through my introduction, Mr. Morphy was living upon intimate terms, an explanation touching the notice Mr. Morphy professes to be so concerned at; and from my friend's reply, which intimated that Mr. Morphy was about to write to me in an amicable spirit, I of course supposed there was an end to the matter, and that I should be permitted to pursue my work, and this young gentleman his play, without further misunderstanding. That, after this, and in the face of my endeavors through your journal to set his blindfold and other chess exploits before the public in the most advantageous light—in the face of every civility which to the extent of my opportunities I have endeavored to show him from the first moment of his arrival in this country—he could reconcile it to his sense of honor and honesty to impute to me a wilful suppression of any portion of his letter, does, indeed, amaze me, and I can only account for it by supposing he is under the influence of very ill advisers, or that his idea of what is honorable and honest is very different from what I had hoped and believed it to be.

I am, Sir, yours, &c., H. STAUNTON.

November [illegible]

P.S. That you may judge with what likelihood and with what propriety Mr. Morphy attributes the omission of the excerpts to sinister motives, I inclose them, and shall be obliged by your giving them the additional publicity he craves as soon as your space permits:

"A statement appeared in the chess department of that Journal (the *Illustrated London News*) a few weeks since that 'Mr. Morphy had come to Europe unprovided with backers or seconds'—the inference being obvious, that my want of funds was the reason of our match not taking place. As you are the editor of that department of the *Illustrated London News*, I felt much hurt that a gentleman, who had always received me at his club and elsewhere with great kindness and courtesy, should allow so prejudicial a statement to be made in reference to me; one, too, which is not strictly consonant with fact."

"In conclusion, I beg leave to state that I have addressed a copy of this letter to the editors of the *Illustrated London News*, *Bell's Life in London*, the *Era*, the *Field*, and the *Sunday Times*; being most desirous that our true position should no longer be misunderstood by the community at large. I again request you to fix the date for our commencing the match."

THE THIRD PERSON vs. THE FIRST.

The other day, in one of the Paris *restaurants*, a party of literary men were discussing the merits of various epistolary styles. One of them, Monsieur A., made a fierce attack on letters written in the third person, such as "Monsieur X. has the honor to inform ——," and so on. Another of the party defended them, maintaining that they were more ceremonious, more polite.

"That's a good idea!" replied Monsieur A. "The foundation of all politeness, in letter-writing, is to express clearly what you mean to say. Now, nothing can be more ambiguous than these confounded notes in the third person. I will just tell you what happened to myself. About the middle of May, I received from my friend D., the Chief of Division, a *billet-doux*, which I will show you."

Taking the note from his pocket, Monsieur A. read as follows:—

"Monsieur D., Chief of Division at the War Office, hastens to inform his friend, Monsieur A., that he has just been named Chevalier of the Legion of Honor."

"You can fancy my delight at reading this note," continued Monsieur A. "I was the happiest man in the world. I ran to an engraver's and ordered him to make the flattering addition to my cards, 'Monsieur A., Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.' I ran to a jeweller's, and bought a cross of the purest gold. I ran to a silk-mercer's, and bought a piece of the richest red *moire* ribbon for my button-hole. I ran to the houses of all my friends for the pleasure of receiving their congratulations. At last, I ran to my friend D.'s; as soon as I caught sight of him, I threw myself into his arms. 'Ah, my dear fellow,' I exclaimed, 'you have no idea what pleasure you have given. How shall I ever thank you sufficiently?' 'You are an excellent fellow, my worthy A., to sympathize thus with my happiness.' 'Thank you for that expression; the decoration is mine, and the happiness is yours.' 'How is that? Have you received the Order?' 'Certainly; have I not?' 'No, my good friend; 'tis I who am now made Chevalier.' 'You?' 'Yes. You deserve the honor more than I do; but, nevertheless, it has been conferred upon me.' 'But you wrote me word that I had received the cross.' I took his letter out of my pocket, and showed it him. Alas! I now understood clearly what meaning I ought to assign to the ambiguous phrase. 'The deuce take you and your note!' I said to D. 'Instead of your affected and formal announcement in the third person, why could you not write to me simply and plainly, "My dear friend, I have the pleasure of informing you that I am now *decoré* Chevalier!"'

"I left him in a rage; I will never speak to him again as long as I live. Don't talk to me of your polite notes written in the third person."

— A book which is now looked for with some curiosity in Paris is one from the pen of Mr. Saint Marc Girardin, entitled "Political Recollections of a Journalist."

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ODE TO M. JULLIEN.

And must you leave us, Jullien? must we wander
Through life's hard pathways tuneless and alone,
Whilst you are gone your magic notes to squander
'Midst savages in regions little known?

What shall we have to cheer us when November
Oppresses us with fogs and spleen galore,
Whilst you are playing tunes we well remember
On Timbuctoo's inhospitable shore?

Sure we shall cut most melancholy figures
When in your Concert-room in far Penang,
Fair Jetty Treffz is singing to the niggers
The songs that once in Drury Lane she sang.

And will you go as far as Madagascar,
And take the *Trovatore* even there;
And will each pigtailed Chinaman and Lascar,
Think you, for Verdi's *Miserere* care?

And do you think the notes of great Beethoven
Will feast the soul of greasy Quashyboo?
Take care he doesn't pop you in an oven,
And make another kind of feast on you.

Why have you taken up these strange vagaries
Of wandering off to foreign parts abroad;
Of visiting the Azores and Canaries,
And leaving us, by whom you are adored?

If, as we hope, your scheme is only puffing,
Be warned, dear Mons, your *Punch* sincerely begs,
By him who, over-greedy for the stuffing,
Destroyed the goose that laid the golden eggs.

—*Punch.*

ON THE USES OF CAMELS.

At the risk of being thought visionary and a theorist, I have determined, with your permission, to hazard a few suggestions on the employment of the camel in the production of corn and cotton in Alabama. If the idea advanced can awaken inquiry among the intelligent and practical planters who fill our streets during the business season, or who attend our annual State fair at Montgomery, the object of this communication will be accomplished.

I have read with interest the correspondence of Major Wayne, who was charged with the duty of transporting a number of camels from the Mediterranean ports into our broad Western plains for carrying army supplies. The success met with is encouraging. A late number of the New Orleans *Picayune* notices the arrival of two Government vessels, one containing eighty and the other forty of those animals. Their qualifications as a beast of burden for our prairies is doubted by few. They have been employed in war from the time of David until the present. The propriety of employing them on our cotton plantations we have not seen adverted to, and we propose to consider it.

Our examination has developed the fact that the camel has as extensive a climative range as the horse. Atkinson states that he saw herds of them in Northern Siberia where the ground freezes several feet in the course of the Winter; and Barth informs us they are found within five degrees of the equator. Indeed, so far from being alone fitted for the sandy plains of Arabia and Africa, various authors state that they flourish best in temperate climates. From all that we can gather from a somewhat extensive examination of the subject they would flourish in any latitude in the United States.

The cost of the animal is a matter of prime importance to practical men. On the shores of the Mediterranean the prices vary from ten to one hundred dollars for the generality of those desirable for farming purposes. Forty or fifty dollars will buy a good camel. The colts are much cheaper. The reason of their extremely low price is the little attention required to raise them, being little more than is required for the ox among us. In camel countries the cost of the horse and mule is about the same as with us, owing to the cost of raising them being about the same there as here. The cost of the animal laid down in Mobile or Pensacola we cannot arrive at with any degree of satisfaction. But it will be about two hundred or two hundred and fifty dollars each; or about the cost of a good mule. Wayne says they are as easily transported as horses. By introducing the colts the cost will be much less.

The food required for them is about one-half that required for a mule or horse when at work, and when not employed they are not fed at all. On long journeys, when our mule teams are required to be fed on grain and curried and rubbed two or three times daily, the camel is hardly ever fed at all. His scanty meal is what he can crop by the way, and between halting times in the afternoon and dark. A few years ago I visited the famous "model farm" of the Duke of Florence, near Pisa, where camels alone have been used for a century for farming purposes. An attendant informed us that when the camels were at work they gave them once a day about what a mule or horse is allowed, and they were stabled. The rest of the time they were turned out to graze and pick their living as best they could. We observed many of them feeding in fields, in good order, in which our mules and horses would starve. We may safely state their food at half that required for the mule when employed, and at nothing more than dry cattle when employed. Here is a manifest advantage the planter would enjoy using camels over those employing mule teams. If it is now necessary for the farmer to plant seven acres of corn to the hand, to supply his teams and family, if camels were worked he need only put in four acres, and the rest of his land could be planted in cotton. If it requires seventy-five to one hundred bushels of corn to supply a mule annually, it will require only forty or fifty to feed the camel. A farmer putting in seven to ten acres in cotton could cultivate twelve or fifteen to the hand with the same ease. The amount of labor performed by the camel is much greater than that of the most powerful horses with us. At the farm of the Duke of Florence, above alluded to, you are informed that they have two hundred camels on the place, and they are considered capable of performing the work of one thousand horses. Now, set down the estimate placed by the managers of the farm at one-half, or even that the two hundred camels can do the work of four hundred horses, and you see a large gain accruing to the planter using that noble animal. If we have the work of two mules on one-half the food requisite for one, it presents an advantage in an economical point of view that it seems to us should incline sensible men to look into the matter and take effectual means for their introduction. They are used on the farm for ploughing, draught, and as beasts of burden. The load of those camels is from 600 to 1,400 lbs., according to the size of the animal. Such heavy loads can only be borne short distances. Wayne states that one of the camels in Texas carried five bundles of hay, weighing twelve or fifteen hundred pounds. To think of a planter carrying a stack of fodder weighing 1,200 lbs. from his field to his barn by a single trip of one camel! The usual load on long journeys in Arabia or Africa is 450 to 800 lbs., and they will carry these loads twenty-five to thirty-five miles a day for a month together, with what food they can pick by the way in those deserts. If they were well fed they could probably do much more work. The thorough-bred riding camels will travel from fifty to ninety miles a day, carrying from 350 to 400 lbs. A pair of Bactrian camels (the two-humped variety) will pull in a wagon over the common roads of the country 4,000 lbs. They are simply yoked to it like our oxen. Now, it is not intended to be intimated that they can supply the place of railroads and steamers, though they have done it for three thousand years in the East; and Damascus, and Babylon, and Palmyra, and Mecca, and Timbuctoo, and Tyre, and Alexandria, are cities that have been built up and grown rich by commerce carried by camels, and some of them have disputed with Rome for the reins of universal empire. The place we claim for the camels is to make cotton, corn, and wheat on our plantations, and transport it to our great thoroughfares. After all, but a small portion of the carrying is done by railroads, for, of course, all that is carried on them is first transported to them by animal power.

A troupe of six camels, costing $1,200, the price of a mule team, could carry twelve bales of cotton twenty-five miles to market in a day without the expense of feeding, or harness, or wagon. The length of service obtained from them is no small item in estimating their value. The colts are used at the third or fourth year, and they are efficient until they are twenty or twenty-five. Our mules and horses are generally inefficient by the time they are twelve or fifteen for the culture of cotton. They are represented by all the authors as being less liable to disease than the horse. Their powers of abstinence from water is proverbial, and, considering the carelessness of the negro race, might be an argument in their favor. It is a significant fact that they have been used by the Dukes of Florence on the aforementioned farm for more than a century, to the exclusion of every other animal. His subjects are prohibited by law from employing them. It is an equally pertinent remark that in Arabia, the paradise of the horse, where he attains his perfection, and where the ass, mule, and ox have been from the time of Job to the present, the camel for hard labor, and the toil requisite to make bread, and carry on commerce, almost runs out of service every other animal. Men of wealth keep the horse as a pet, but the ugly, patient camel is their toiling, unrequited slave.—*Selma (Ala.) Sentinel.*

STRANGE CLERICAL PROCEEDINGS.

Monday, being the feast of All Saints, as marked in the Church of England calendar, was observed in the temporary church in Margaret street, Oxford street, in a very remarkable manner. Many years ago there stood in Margaret street a small building called Margaret street chapel, which became well known to churchmen as having been successively under the ministry of Mr. Dodsworth and Mr. Oakeley, both of whom subsequently left the establishment for the Church of Rome. On the secession of Mr. Oakeley, his curate, the Rev. W. Upton Richards, M.A., of Exeter College, Oxford, succeeded to the ministry of the chapel, and some time afterwards it was resolved to raise on its site a larger and more convenient structure, which might serve the purpose of a district church. On the 1st of November, 1850, the foundation stone was laid, the service being performed by Dr. Pusey, and the church was dedicated to All Saints. It is not yet finished, but a few months will probably witness the completion of the most gorgeous church in the metropolis. While the new church has been in course of erection the ordinary services have been performed in the temporary church, a spacious building on the opposite side of the way—Church principles, as they are understood by the High church or tractarian party, having been carried out to their fullest extent. Monday was the eighth anniversary of laying the foundation stone, and special services were held in commemoration of the "Feast of Dedication." The announcement that the Hon. and Rev. Robert Liddell, so well known as the incumbent of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and the Rev. John Ingle, head master of Ely cathedral grammar school, almost as well known to a large section of churchmen, would preach, drew together overwhelming congregations at the morning and evening services. The church was profusely decorated. At one end was a high altar approached by steps, surmounted by a large cross, close to which stood two large candles in golden candlesticks. The altar was covered with elaborately wrought cloths of various colors, and with flowers of various descriptions. Every part of the church was similarly decorated with flowers. Immediately behind the altar was a large painting representing the crucifixion and other incidents connected with that solemn event, and behind that again an immense figured red cloth, extending, with two other cloths of a somewhat darker red, over the whole of that end of the church. At eleven o'clock a procession, consisting of five priests and fifteen or sixteen choristers, emerged from the vestry-room, all in surplices. The priests wore their hoods indicating their respective university degrees, and on the back of their necks had the crosses worked into their scarfs. The procession was led by a chorister, who carried a large silver cross, with which on approaching the steps of the altar he knelt, holding it up until the priests and choristers had finished the anthem in which they had been engaged while passing down the middle of the church. He then placed the cross near to the seat of the incumbent, where it stood during the remainder of the service. Prayers having been intoned, the time arrived for the commencement of the pre-communion service, and the three priests who were to take part in it retired. During their absence an official ascended the altar steps and lighted the two huge candles, which remained burning until the congregation dispersed. When the priests re-entered they bowed reverently to the altar as they ascended the steps and knelt before the cross until a hymn, in which the Virgin Mary was prominently set forward as the chief of saints, which the people were engaged in singing, was finished. They then went through the service standing on the steps of the altar with their backs to the congregation, except during the reading of the commandments, the epistle, and gospel, when they turned round. The whole service was in as close conformity with that of the Roman Catholic Church as circumstances admitted. Mr. Ingle ascended the pulpit, and instead of using the prayers which are customary before the sermon, turned to the altar, "In the name of the Holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," a practice adopted in the Church of Rome. He then selected for his text the 4th chapter of the book of Ecclesiastes, 1st and 2nd verses, "So I returned and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun, and beheld the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power, but they had no comforter. Wherefore, I praised the dead, which are already dead, more than the living, which are yet alive." He adverted to the many schisms which prevail in the Church of England, condemned what he termed "the public sanction of permitted heresies in high places," and the public discussion of those great topics on which faith might be allowed to speak, while reason was silent. The more earnest declaration of the doctrine of the communion of saints by the Church he held to be the only cure for these great evils. Adverting to the education of girls, he expressed his conviction that the best training they could have was the constant contemplation of the lives of "St. Agnes, St. Lucy, and the Holy Etheldreda."

In the evening there was a second service of a similar character, the sermon being preached by the Hon. and Rev. Robert Liddell. The holy communion was administered twice in the course of the day.—*London paper.*

IMPORTANT REFORM AMONG THE ISRAELITES.

The recent consecration of the new Synagogue, Oheb Shalom, in Hanover street, has inaugurated an important reformatory movement among the Israelites in this city. The members of this congregation, who had up to that time professed the Orthodox Creed of the Hebrew Church, and strictly observed its prescribed rites and ceremonies, have now discarded some of the fundamental principles of their faith, and abandoned its old and established form of worship.

Besides the introduction of an organ, and the singing of the hymns in a vernacular tongue, they have adopted a prayer book, which gives due expression to the remarkable change of the religious sentiment which is beginning to make its way among a large portion of that people. Among the most important changes which have thus far characterised the movement, the restitution of Mosaic polity and the return to Jerusalem, and their establishment of sacrificial worship, are no longer objects of hope and prayer.

The dogma of a millennium, in a somewhat modified form, is a prominent feature of the new prayer book. These radical changes among the people of Israel, who have for so many centuries adhered to the strict faith of their fathers, have, of late, resulted in the formation of numerous congregations, which deviate more or less from the Orthodox standard. The new prayer book is the conjoined production of the three Rabbis, of whom Rev. Dr. Isaac M. Wise, of Cincinnati, is the most distinguished.

The congregation of Har Sanai, in High street, also differ from the Orthodox Creed, in so far that the males and females occupy the same floor, the latter not being required to occupy the gallery. Another feature of this congregation is the fact that its members are permitted to eat whatsoever food they please, all laws regulating that principle having been abolished.—*Baltimore Sun.*

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